THE LIFE OF Mr. John Philips.

Juſt Publiſh'd the following LIVES.

I. THE LIFE of Mr. *THOMAS BETTERTON*, the late Eminent Tragedian; wherein the Action and Utterance of the Stage, Bar, and Pulpit, are diſtinctly conſider'd. To which is added, *The Amorous Widow*: Or, *The Wanton Wife*, a Comedy, written by Mr. *BETTERTON*. With his Effigies curiouſly Engraven. 8*vo*. Price 3 *s*. 6 *d*.

II. The LIFE of Mr. *JOHN LOCKE*, Author of *the Eſſay concerning Humane Underſtanding*, &c. 8*vo*. Price 1 *s*.

III. The LIFE of Dr. *WALTER CURLL*, Biſhop of *Winchester*, and Lord Almoner to King *Charles* I. To which is added, a Sermon preach'd by him at *Whitehall*, *Anno* 1622. before King *James* I. 12*mo*. Price 1 *s*.

IV. The LIFE of the Right Honourable *JOHN*, late Lord *HAVERSHAM*. To which are added, all his Speeches in Parliament, 8*vo*. Price 1 *s*.

V. The LIFE of that learned Antiquary, Sir *WILLIAM DUGDALE*, Knt. Garter Principal King of Arms. Wherein are contain'd ſome Paſſages relating to the Civil Wars, never before taken Notice of by any other Hiſtorian. Publiſh'd from an Original Manuſcript, 8*vo*. Price 1 *s*.

VI. An Account of the LIFE and Writings of Mr. *JOHN LE CLERC*, (Philoſophy and Hebrew Profeſſor in the College of *Arminians* at *Amſterdam*,) to the Year 1711. interſpers'd with Characters of Men, and Books, Sects, Parties, and Opinions, 8*vo*. Price 1 *s*. 6 *d*.

VII. Mr. *LE CLERC*'s Remarks upon thoſe Authors who have written againſt the Book, Intituled, *The Rights of the Chriſtian Church aſſerted*. To which is added, his Scheme of Church Government, 8*vo*. Price 1 *s*.

All Printed for, and Sold by *E. Curll*.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

AUTHOR of the

Splendid Shilling, Bleinheim, Cyder, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Curll*, at the *Dial* and *Bible*, against St. *Dunstan*'s Church in *Fleet-street*, 1712.
Price One Shilling.

Nov. 8, 1915
Harvard University
Child Memorial Library

LIFE

AND

CHARACTER

OF

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

Author of the

Splendid Shilling, Blenheim, &c.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and

and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To ſatisfie this general Inclination, and do ſome Juſtice to the Memory of Mr. PHILIPS, we ſhall give the World a ſhort Account of him; and his Few, but Excellent Compoſitions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wiſhes.

He was the Son of Dr. STEPHEN PHILIPS, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordſhire*, *December* the 30*th*, *Anno* 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar Learning, he was ſent to *Wincheſter* School, where he made himſelf Maſter of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was ſoon diſtinguiſh'd for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies; which he diſcover'd in the beſt Claſſical Authors.

With this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promiſes of a farther Improvement in all uſeful Studies, he was remov'd to *Chriſt Church* in *Oxford*. From his firſt Entrance into that Univerſity he was very much eſteem'd for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableneſs of his Converſation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his Univerſi-

ty

ty Exercises were receiv'd with Applause, and in that Place so famous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he in a short time grew to be Superiour to most of his Contemporaries, where to have been their Equal only, had been a sufficient Praise: There it was that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with MILTON, whom he studied with Application, and trac'd him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his *Poem* *, drawn from the Thoughts, or Expressions of HOMER or VIRGIL, which he could not immediately refer to, and by that, He perceiv'd what a peculiar Life, and Grace their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images rais'd its Spirit, and what Weight, and Beauty their Words when translated gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force, and Elegancy of his Mother Tongue, but by the Example of his darling MILTON search'd backwards into the Works of our old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant Expres-

* *Paradise lost.*

sions,

ſions, and prove the due Extent, and Compaſs of the Language. For this purpoſe he carefully read over CHAUCER, SPENCER and others, and afterwards in his Writings did not ſcruple to revive any Words, or Phraſes, which he thought deſerv'd it, with that modeſt Liberty which HORACE allows of, either in the Coining of new, or reſtoring of ancient Expreſſions. Yet tho' he was a profeſt Admirer of theſe Authors, it was not from any View of appearing in publick, for ſuch was his Modeſty, that he was the only Perſon who did not think himſelf qualified for it; He read for his own Pleaſure, and Writing was the only thing he declin'd, wherein he was capable of pleaſing others. Nor was he ſo in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Uſefulneſs, or his own Genius excited him to perſue. He was very well vers'd in the whole Compaſs of Natural Philoſophy, and ſeem'd in his Studies as well as his Writings to have made VIRGIL his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous Wiſh *,

* Georg. lib. 2.

Me

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant; cœlique vias & ſidera monſtrent;
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæque labores:
Undè tremor terris; quâ vi maria alta tumeſcant
Objicibus rupeis, rurſuſque in ſe ipſa reſidant:
Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tingere Soles
Hyberni; vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obſtet.

Mr. PHILIPS was no leſs paſſionate an Admirer of Nature, and it is probable that he drew his own Character in that Deſcription which he gives of a Philoſophical and Retir'd Life, at the latter end of the firſt Book of his CYDER;

——He to his Labours hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,

Foſſils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd (Earth
Diſplays, if by his Induſtry he can
Benefit Human Race:——

And we have good Reaſon to believe that much might have been attain'd to, many new Diſcoveries made by ſo diligent an Enquirer, and ſo faithful a Recorder of Phyſical Operations. However tho' Death prevented our Hopes in that reſpect, yet the admirable Paſſages of that kind which we find in his Poem on CYDER, may convince us of the Niceneſs of his Obſervations in Natural Cauſes; Beſide this he was particularly skill'd in all manner of Antiquities, eſpecially thoſe of his own Country, and part of this too, he has with much Art and Beauty interſmix'd with his *Poetry*.

As to his private Character, he was belov'd by all that knew him, and admir'd by thoſe who did not, ſomewhat reſerv'd, and ſilent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and eaſie with his Friends; The firſt was the Effect of his Modeſty, the latter, of his cheerful Innocence; the

one

one was the proper Caution of a wife Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averſe to contentious Diſputes, and thought no time ſo ill ſpent, and no Wit ſo ill us'd, as that which was employ'd in ſuch Debates; Thus he never contributed to the Uneaſineſs of his Company, but often to their Inſtruction, always to their Pleaſure. As on the one hand he declin'd all Strokes of *Satire*, ſo on the other, he deteſted Flattery as much, and I believe would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or ſervile one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity indeed was his diſtinguiſhing Character, and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Senſe, and Letters.

Upon all theſe Accounts during his Stay in the Univerſity, he was honour'd with the Acquaintance of the beſt and politeſt Men in it, many of whom who now make conſiderable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Diſgrace to have their Names mention'd as Mr. PHILIPS's Friends. And here we muſt not omit that particular Friendſhip which he contracted

with Mr. Edmund Smith, Author of that incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and who upon his Deceaſe celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem, and ſoon after follow'd him to the Grave. Theſe two often communicated their Thoughts to each other, and as their Studies lay the ſame way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and Improvement. For as the Mind takes no greater Pleaſure than in a free and unreſerv'd Diſcovery of its own Notions, ſo it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a ſincere Friend. This we make no doubt was as pleaſant as any part of Mr. Philips's Life, who had a Soul capable of reliſhing all the fineſt Enjoyments of ſublime, virtuous, and elegant Spirits. I am ſure Mr. Smith in his Poem *, ſpeaks of it as what moſt affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loſs of it,

Whom ſhall I find unbyaſs'd in Diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?

* *To the Memory of Mr.* Philips.

To

To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?
Oh! in that Heav'nly Youth for ever ends
The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.

It is to be deplored indeed that two Great Genius's, in whose Power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it, tho' had their Date been much longer, we can hardly say that Time would have added any Thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their kind, the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best Food only for debauch'd and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and consider'd before they sat down to write, and after they had written too, being ever the last Persons who were satisfied that they had perform'd well, and even then perhaps more in Compliment

ment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his Univerſity-Friend to ſome of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an Equal Applauſe and Admiration. The Reaſon of his coming to Town was the Perſuaſion of ſome Great Perſons who engag'd him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM*, and how well their Expectations were anſwer'd, it will be more proper to mention, when we ſpeak of his Works. 'Tis enough at preſent to obſerve that that POEM brought him into Favour and Eſteem with Two * of the moſt Eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appear'd in our Age; The one famous for his Political Knowledge and Univerſal Learning: The other diſtinguiſh'd for the different Talents of a Refin'd and Polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Buſineſs, join'd with an exquiſite and ſucceſsful Penetration in Affairs of the higheſt Concern.

---

* *Earl of* Oxford, *and the Earl of* Bolingbroke.

How-

However tho' he was much reſpected by theſe and other noble Patrons, yet from the modeſt Diſtruſt he entertain'd of himſelf, it was not without ſome Pain that he enjoy'd their Company, and the Fear of offending, oftentimes made him leſs ſtudious of pleaſing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceiv'd of his own good Qualities, that it made them leſs conſpicuous to others; as if he was aſham'd that his Virtues were no greater, he choſe rather to obſcure thoſe which he really had, than to place them in that Ornamental Light which they deſerv'd. I ſpeak this only with reſpect to his Converſation with his Superiours, who knowing his true Worth, were more pleas'd with his Endeavours to diſguiſe it, than if he had ſet it off with all the oſtentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great againſt his Wit, ſo neither did his unſolicitous Baſineſs in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never prais'd any one with a ſordid View, nor ever ſacrific'd his Sincerity to his Intereſt, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious; and as he gave his Characters

racters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, He obſerv'd at the ſame time the Fidelity of an *Hiſtorian*. This indeed was a part which diſtinguiſh'd him as much from almoſt all other Poets as his manner of Writing did, he being one of thoſe few who were equally averſe to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of the way for a Panegyrick, or forc'd his Invention to be ſubſervient to his Gratitude; but interwove his Characters ſo well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them ſo juſtly to the Merit of the Perſons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a piece with the Poem. If it be reckon'd difficult to praiſe well, for our Author not to err in ſuch a Variety is much more ſo, and looks like the maſterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all ſorts of Beauties, and at the ſame time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily diſtinguiſhes them from each other. In ſhort, to perſue the Metaphor, there is nothing Gaudy in his Colours, nothing ſtiff or affected in his Manner, and all the Lineaments are ſo exact, that an indifferent Eye may at firſt View diſcover who ſat for the Picture.

From this general View of his Writings, I ſhall now paſs on to particular, of which

it

it is to be wish'd there were a larger as well as a better than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an Eminent Preacher, who out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevail'd upon to print but one Sermon, (the best perhaps that ever past the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. CRADOCK's WORKS. The same with much Justice may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has publish'd, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse, and negligent Writers.

The first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling*, a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his way of adorning it was, and which in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, *is the finest Burlesque Poem in the* British *Language* *; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations, the Sen-

* *See, The* Tatler, N°. 250.

timents and Style being in this both new, whereas in thoſe the Jeſt lies more in Alluſions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expreſſion. The ſame Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diverſified, as moſt Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that variety of Circumſtances, which his fruitful Invention muſt ſuggeſt to him on ſuch a Subject, he has not choſen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and ſome, that none but his inimitable Dreſs could have made diverting to any. When we read it we are betray'd into a Pleaſure that we could not expect, tho' at the ſame time the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phraſe, ſeem to chaſtiſe that Laughter which they provoke.

In her beſt Light the Comick Muſe appears,
When ſhe, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin wears *.

This was the firſt Piece that made him known to the World, and tho' printed

---

* *See, Mr.* Smith's *Poem, before-mention'd.*

from

from an incorrect Copy, gain'd him an universal Applause, and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many Imitators to work, yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A Genuine Edition of it came out some Years after, for he was not so sollicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he receiv'd from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

The next of his Poems was that entituled BLEINHEIM, wherein he shews that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style, as properly on a serious and Heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light, and ludicrous Nature. We have said before at whose Request this was wrote, tho' he would willingly have declin'd that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitement of his Friends prevail'd upon him to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Æneid*, (if that be VIRGIL's) and that of SPENCER's *Fairie Queen*.

From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts Aerial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's *Hero*;———

The Spirit is kept on the ſame to the End, the whole being full of noble Sentiments, and Majeſtick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols, and not admitting of any Rival, except one * on the ſame Occaſion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of VIRGIL in his Digreſſion upon the Poetical *Eliſium*; where the famous—— *Tu Marcellus eris*——— is ſo happily tranſlated and applied, that it ſhows the Spirit of VIRGIL better than all the Labours of his Commentators: There ſpeaking of the late Marquiſs of BLANDFORD, he ſays,

Had thy preſiding Star propitious ſhone,
Shouldſt CHURCHILL *be!*

* *Mr.* Addiſon's *Campaign.*

The

The Addreſſes to his Patrons are very fine and artificial, the firſt juſt and proper, and the latter of *Engliſh* MEMMIUS, exactly appoſite to him, to whom all the polite Part of Mankind agree in applying that of the *Roman*,

——*Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*
Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus.

As to his CYDER, it is one (if not the only) finiſh'd Poem of that length extant in our Language, the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the firſt Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the ſecond, for the moſt part in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Paſſion he had, to do ſome Honour to his Native Country, and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius, and Art to make it compleat. It is founded upon the Model of VIRGIL's *Georgicks*, and comes the neareſt of any other to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Æneid*. Yet tho' it is eaſy to diſcern who was his Guide in that difficult way, we may obſerve that he comes after rather like a Purſuer than a Follower; not tracing him Step after Step, but

chuſing thoſe Paths in which he might eaſieſt overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being ſervile, tho' ſometimes very cloſe, at other times he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleaſing perhaps than his Maſter's themſelves were to thoſe who firſt ſaw that Work. The Conduct and Management are Superiour to all other Copyers of that Original, and even the admir'd RAPIN is much below him, both in Deſign and Succeſs, for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own, and has in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticiſm, injudiciouſly blended the ſerious and ſublime Style of VIRGIL, with the elegant Turns of OVID in his *Metamorphoſis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. COWLEY ſucceeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who beſides the ſame Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one ſort of Verſe to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho allow'd to be uſeful, are yet ſo numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verſe, and ſink it from a *Poem* to a Treatiſe of *Phyſick*. It is not out of Envy to the Merit

rit of theſe great Men (and who will ever be ſuch in ſpite of Envy) that we take notice of theſe Miſtakes, but only to ſhew the Judgment of him who follow'd them in avoiding to commit the ſame. Whatever Scenes he preſents us with appear delicate and charming, the Philoſophical touches Surprize, the Moral inſtruct, and the gay Deſcriptions tranſport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth, at others, he paints its Surface; ſometimes he dwells upon its lower Products and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more ſtately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleaſures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature, and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husband-man, the Induſtry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diverſify, as the due Praiſes of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and States-men, to raiſe, and enoble the Poetry. The Change of Seaſons and their Diſtinctions introduc'd by the riſing and ſetting of the Stars; the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempeſts, are in their ſeveral Places very Ornamental, and

their

their Deſcriptions inferiour only to thoſe of VIRGIL.

It would be difficult as well as uſeleſs to give particular Inſtances of his Imitations of the laſt mention'd *Poet*; Men of Taſte and Learning will themſelves obſerve them with Pleaſure, and it would be to no purpoſe to quote them to the illiterate; To the one it would be a ſort of an Affront, to the other but an inſipid Entertainment. MILTON we are inform'd could repeat the beſt part of HOMER, and the Perſon of whom we write could do the ſame of VIRGIL, and by continually reading him fortunately equall'd the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a ſufficient Anſwer to thoſe who wiſh this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, ſince then it muſt have loſt half its Beauties, it being impoſſible but that the ſame undiſtinguiſhable Tenour of Verſification, and Returns of Cloſe, ſhould make it very unharmonious to a judicious and muſical Ear. The beſt Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions againſt *Rhyme*, even they who us'd it with the greateſt Admiration and Succeſs, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant to what

a

a height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime *Ideas*, yet this has been in much shorter Poems than the present, and I doubt not but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side; It is true, Mr. DRYDEN thought that MILTON's Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to *Rhyme* well, and as good a Reason might easily be given for his own Choice, it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

However we leave this Question to be decided by those whose Studies and Designs to excel in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry; for my part I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. PHILIPS, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to VIRGIL, that he has not compos'd *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to persue, and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient. The Criticks would make a

Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether VIRGIL could not have writ bitter *Satires*, or HORACE a good *Epick* Poem.

But to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are receiv'd, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments shine in Verse: there are hardly any of those which in the *Latin* Tongue are not in themselves beautiful and expressive, and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I cannot leave the CYDER, without taking notice that the two *Books* are addreſs'd to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to ſay that they were Mr. PHILIPS's Friends and Favourers, and whoſe Characters without the Help of a weaker Hand will be tranſmitted to Poſterity. Nor muſt we omit that ſignal Honour which this Piece receiv'd after his Deceaſe, in being tranſlated into *Italian* by a Noble-man of FLORENCE, an Order which the great BOILEAU * was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtain'd, in a Language of much leſs Delicacy and Politeneſs. It may be ſome Pleaſure to obſerve the Turn which Mr. SMITH † gives this Paſſage in the following Verſes,

See mighty COSMO's *Counſellor and Friend,*
By turns on COSMO, *and the Bard attend;*

Rich in the Coins and Buſts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treaſure home;

* *Monſieur* Boileau's *Art of Poetry was tranſlated into* Portugueſe *by the Count de* Ericeyra.

† *See, Mr.* Smith's *Poem.*

In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,
In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL's *mighty Mind.*
To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.

All that we have left more of this Poet, is a *Latin* ODE, inscrib'd to the Honourable HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq; the Style of which is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay facetious Humour of HORACE. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our own; and as HORACE was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admir'd VIRGIL.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very sollicitous about them, being convinc'd that these are all which he finish'd

nish'd, and it would be an Injury to his Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never design'd for the Public. It might perhaps please some to see the first Essays of a great Genius, but considering how apt we are to impose upon our selves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some Men have delighted in of informing the World how young they were when they compos'd some particular Pieces, if they are not good 'tis no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's farther Designs, only that we are assur'd by his Friends that he intended to write a *Poem* upon the *Resurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*, in which it is probable he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject indeed was only proper to be treated of in that solemn Style which he makes use of, and by one whose just Notions of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his

Reader

Reader without a wild Enthuſiaſm—

—*Extra flammantia Mœnia Mundi* *. Milton has given a few fine Touches upon the ſame, but ſtill there remains an inexhauſtible Store of Materials to be drawn from the *Prophets*, the *Pſalmiſt*, and the other *Inſpir'd Writers*, which in his Poetical Dreſs might without the falſe Boaſting of old Poets have endur'd to the *Day* that it deſcrib'd. The meaneſt Soul, and the loweſt Imagination cannot think of that time, and the Deſcriptions we meet with of it in *Holy Writ* without the greateſt Emotion, and the deepeſt Impreſſion, what then might we not expect from the believing Heart of a good Man, and the regulated Flights and Raptures of an excellent Chriſtian Poet? His *Friend* † ſeems to be of the ſame Opinion, and as he was a better Judge of the Scheme which he had laid down, and probably had ſeen the firſt Rudiments of his Deſign, we ſhall finiſh this Head, with his Verſes on that Occaſion;

* Lucretius, lib. I. † *Mr.* Smith, *in his Poem.*

Oh!

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions show,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl below:
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Those who have had either any Knowledge of his Person, or Relish of his Compositions, will easily agree in the Judgment here given, as the Generality of Men of Sense and Learning, have already done in respect of those which he liv'd to publish. For my part I never heard but of one *, who took it in his

* *Sir* R——d B——e.

Head

Head to cenſure his Writings, and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that he has the Honour to ſtand alone in that Reflection. It were eaſie to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blaſt the Fruits of his *latter Spring*, by comparing them with the Crudities of his Firſt. That *Satire* upon our Author, has with its other Brethren been dead long ſince, and I believe the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a Work * of a more durable Nature.

However, tho' there is this one unjuſt Exception to his *Writings*, there is none to his *Life*, which was diſtinguiſh'd by a natural Goodneſs, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an univerſal Charity, and a ſteddy Adherence to his Principles. No one obſerv'd the natural and civil Duties of Life with a ſtricter Regard, whether thoſe of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society, and he had the Happineſs to fill every one of theſe Parts without, even the Suſpicion either of Undutifulneſs, Inſincerity, or Diſreſpect.

* *His Poem to the Memory of Mr.* Phillips.

Thus

Thus he continued to the laſt, not owing his Virtues to the Happineſs of his Conſtitution, but the Frame of his Mind, inſomuch that during a long and lingring Sickneſs, which is apt to ruffle the ſmootheſt Temper, he never betray'd any Diſcontent or Uneaſineſs, the Integrity of his Heart ſtill preſerving the Cheerfulneſs of his Spirits; and if his Friends had meaſur'd their hopes of his Life, only by his Unconcern'dneſs in his Sickneſs, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepar'd for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingring *Conſumption*, attended with an *Aſthma*, and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Phyſicians, remov'd to the *Bath*, where although he had the Aſſiſtance of the ableſt of the Faculty (by whom he was generally belov'd) he only got ſome preſent Eaſe, and went from thence, but with ſmall Hopes of a Recovery, and upon the Return of his Diſtempers he died at *Hereford* the 15*th* of *February* enſuing, *Ann.* 1708.

He was interr'd in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*, and the following Inſcription is upon his Grave-ſtone.

JOHANNIS PHILIPS,

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi Westmonasterience,
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum
A Maria Philips *Matre ipsius pientissimâ,*
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non sine Lachrymis dicatum.

The Monument referr'd to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of Chaucer and Drayton, and was Erected to his Memory by Sir Simon Harcourt, the Present Lord Keeper, an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. Freind, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions. *Here-*

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
IOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxtà charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,
Eximiâ morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.
Litterarum Amæniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ *Puer sentire cæperat,*
Inter Ædis Christi *Alumnos jugiter explevit,*
In illo Musarum Domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rhythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi,
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem reeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono *secundus,*
Primoq; pæne Par,
Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, & assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunq; Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.
Fas sit Huic,
Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere
O *Poesis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor* CHAUCERE
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certè Cineres, tuos undiq; stipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON

SIMON HARCOURT *Miles,*
Viri bene de ſe, deque Literis meriti
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Poſt Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS STEPHANI S. T. P. Archidiachoni *Salop*, Filius natus eſt *Bamptoniæ* in Agro *Oxon.* Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit *Herefordiæ*, Febr. 15. 1708.

Thus much we thought proper to ſpeak of the *Life* and *Character* of Mr. PHILIPS, following Truth in every part, and endeavouring to make both Him, and his Writings an Example to others; or if that cannot be attain'd through our own Defect, at leaſt to ſhow that a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names always Inconſiſtent.

ODE,

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,
Vir bonæ de Re, deque Literis meriti
Quoad vixeret, Fautor,
Pijs Obitum pijs mœstus,
Hoc illi Sæcum ponit solet.

I. Thomas Stephens S. T. P. Archidiaconus Sarisb. Filius natus est Hanningtoniæ
in Agro Dors. Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit Hereford. Febr. 15. 1708.

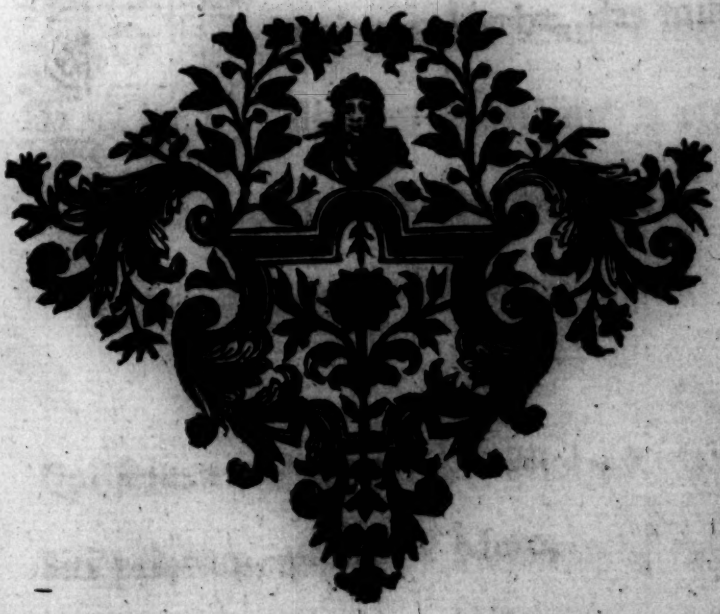
Thus much was thought proper to speak of the Life and Character of Mr. Stephens, following Truth in every part, and endeavouring to draw both Him, and his Writings an Example to others; or what cannot be attained through our own Default, at least to show that a Good Wit and a Good Man are not Names always Inconsistent.

ODE.

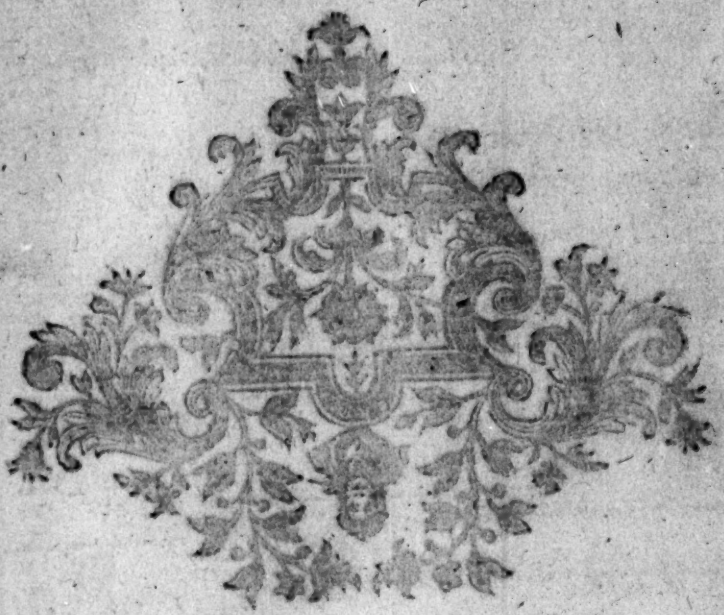
ODE,

AD

Henricum St. John, Armig.



LONDINI:
Impensis E. Curll. M.DCC.XIII.



A D

O D E

ODE.

AD

Henricum St. John, Armig.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus Herbæ das mihi
divitem
Haurire ſuccum, & ſuaveolentes
Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos;

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii, pretiúmque, Soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris, omnium
Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
Explicuit Venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu Puerum trucem
Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas
Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætiámque teſtæ.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
[illegible]amma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera
Gratus recordor, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum! & ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, & uſque colende Muſis!

Sed

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè ſpiritus, illa
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus,

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, Tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus Uvæ.

Hanc ſumo, parcis & Tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, Optima
Ut uſque Conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore

Te

Te consulentem Militiæ super
Rebus Togatum, Macte! Tori decus
Formosa cui *Franciſca* ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet!
Tu sorte felix; me *Maria*
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

Hanc,

Hanc, ulla mentis ſpes mihi mutuæ
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil.
Suſpiro; nec jam Vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

FINIS.